1:Franken et al M, G-5 (ca. 1913-1948)1960
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Two days afterwards, on Monday-Paing of Warigadian, homage is paid to Batara Brahma (9). This is done at the place of Ibu Pĕrtiwi (Sanskrit *pṛthiwī*) or Mother Earth, the *paibon*, in this case an offering column in the compound, not in the household temple.

On Thursday-Wage of Sungsang, Sugian Jawa (10), which supposedly has a special significance for the inhabitants of Bali hailing from Java, is celebrated.

The next day (Friday-Klion) comes Sugian Bali (11), when offerings of *tirta gochara* (Sanskrit *tīrtha gocara*) and *tirta pĕnglukatan* are made. The latter term designates water for purification; the former requires a more lengthy explanation. Among the Hindus *tīrtha gocara* is holy water which derives its quality from the fact that a cow has walked in it or put its feet in it. Hence it is described in the *lontars* as *tampak ing lĕmbu*, 'the cow's footprint'. On Bali this type of holy water is no longer made in the traditional way, but is consecrated by means of special *mantras* recited by the *pĕdanda*. The cow is no longer a sacred animal on Bali, though vestiges of Hindu cow-worship are to be found in the dietetic prohibition of beef for Brahmins and many other members of the three castes and in the cow-form of the cremation coffin. The sacred cow, which is sometimes identified with the magic cow (Sanskrit *kāmadhenu*, Balinese *sapi astagina*), must, incidentally, not be confused with the humped and hornless Nandi, Siwa's mount.

What is perhaps the most important holiday, or rather the most important sequence of holidays, occurs in Dungulan. On Sunday-Paing, Sang Hyang Tiga-Wisesa descends in the shape of Batara Kala (also called Batara Galungan)[23] to seek human beings to devour (12). On Monday-Pon it is Pĕnyajaan (13), 'biscuit day': the women make biscuits that day. On Tuesday-Wage it is slaughtering day for the men: Pĕnampahan (14). The offerings for the *kalas* and *butas* which are made on this Tuesday are called *biakala*.

Wednesday-Klion is the big festival (15). Everyone goes walking decked out in his finest clothes. In Singaraja young people still ride around on horseback (and sometimes in dogcarts) each

1:Franken et al M, G-5 (ca. 1913-1958) 1960
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sun god, and the various *dewatas*, is erected. The so-called *widi-widana* offerings are made to them.

The candidate priest inquires of his wives which of them are willing to follow him into the priestly class, since he must divorce those who are not. Often it is not until shortly before his consecration that the priest-to-be marries his chief wife, who must be of equal birth; in that case the consecration ceremony is to be preceded by the ceremony of filing her teeth. According to the *Siwasasana*, a priest without a chief wife may not lead an offering where there is a *sanggar tawang*, a bamboo offering platform with three compartments for the Hindu trinity. Such a priest is called 'a mountain that does not enjoy the protection of a deity'.

Before the twentieth century a candidate never officially requested his mentor for consecration without first having ascertained that the ruler approved of his becoming a priest.

7

The Request

In the early morning of the day of consecration the *apipinton* ceremony takes place in the *pĕmĕrajan*, the household temple. In this ceremony the pupil and his master gaze steadfastly at one another; this is the last time until the end of the solemnities that the pupil may look upon his mentor. At this time he also gives the *punyakĕrti* and the *jauman* to his *guru*. The *punyakĕrti* consists of a new set of clothing, a complete bed, a set of cushions, a parasol, and the priestly wage. The *jauman* comprises cooked and raw food, the adoption offering, eggs, coconuts, the six-part glutinous-rice offering, rice pastry, and various delicacies such as steamed rice with chopped coconut and red sugar, biscuits, and sugar pastry.

With these gifts the pupil presents himself to his mentor and begs him for his paternal love. His official request runs more or less as follows:

> Exalted *guru, siwa*, master among the yogis, grant the request I make of you in all humility. It is true that what I offer you is a trifle, and what I ask of you is incomparably great, for it is nothing less than your love that

1:Franken et al M, G-5 (ca. 1913-1958) 1960
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There are no special privileges attached to a position in the higher classes. Nor is a more courteous language used towards higher-class persons, except that the *sangyangs* have a right to the title of *de* (perhaps an abbreviation of *gĕde*).[6] Members of each class have their own places of burial in specified graveyards divided into a right-hand (eastern) and a left-hand (western) series on either side of the eastern gate; the division, however, does not correspond completely to that of the classes into *panĕngĕn* and *pĕngiwa*.

The *sangyangs* and *prajurits* are not allowed to eat millet, cane sugar, or bread-fruit, nor may they kill turtle-doves or two kinds of salt-water fish or cut *pungut* trees. In a land like Bali, with its far-going subdivision in classes and castes, the number of such prohibitions is countless, since every group has its own. The explanation usually given is that members of a certain class or caste have an obligation to the prohibited animal or plant because of a service it had rendered an ancestor.[7] In the case of Tĕnganan this is true of the two kinds of fish, which are considered as the defenders of the Tĕngananese coast.[8] However, the turtle-dove is prohibited because Batara Indra assumed the shape of that bird in order to travel swiftly from Jambudwipa (India) to Bali, while the prohibited plants mentioned served as food for him, and the *pungut* tree as a resting place.

It is not prohibited for men to marry women of a higher class, but such marriages are usually frowned upon; especially the choice of a wife from one of the *sangyang* groups by a man of a lower class is looked upon as ill-fated, since such people die an early death. In case of such mixed marriages the wife joins the class of her husband and is also buried in the graveyard of his class, while the children, too, follow their father's class. However, such mixed marriages never lead to a breaking of ties with her family or a loss of family rights.

In the period before the twentieth century the *sangyang* and *ijĕng* groups were exempt from services to the ruler.

The second method of dividing the population, according to age and marital status, is related to some extent to the division into

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778 823 The mountains with their lakes and rivers are the home of the gods and the sources of the land's fertility, and they stand for everything that is holy and healthy. To the Balinese everything that is high is good and powerful, so it is natural that the sea, lower than the lowest point of land, with the sharks and barracuda that infest the waters, and the deadly sea-snakes and poisonous fish that live among the treacherous coral reefs, should be considered as *tenget*, magically dangerous, the home of the evil spirits. [481] Few Balinese know how to swim and they rarely venture into the sea except to bathe near the shallow beaches, and then they go [224] only a few feet from the shore. There are small settlements of fishermen who brave the malarial coasts of Kuta, Sanur, Benua, [501] and Ketewel, but in general fishing is done on a small scale, either with casting-nets, or in beautiful prows shaped like fantastic "elephant-fish" (*gadja-mina*) with elegant stylized trunks, and eyes to see at night. With their triangular sails apex downward, [225] they go far out to sea at sunset to procure the giant sea-turtles [262] required at the frequent banquets of this feast-loving people. Most Balinese seldom eat fish and remain essentially a rice-eating race. Their repugnance for the sea may be due to the same religious fear of the supernatural that prevents them from climbing to the summit of the great mountains. The Balinese feel that the heights are for the gods, the middle world for humans, and the depths and low points for the spirits of the underworld. They dread the unholy loneliness of the beaches haunted by demons and they believe that the coastline is under the influence of Djero [776] Gedé Metjaling, the Fanged Giant, who lives on the barren island of Nusa Penida. They are one of the rare island peoples in the world who turn their eyes not outward to the waters, but upward to the mountain tops.

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CHAPTER IV

RICE, WORK, & WEALTH

According to legend, the Balinese originally had only the juice of sugar-cane as food. Out of pity for the human race, the male god of fertility and water, Wisnu, Plutonic Lord of the Underworld, came to earth in disguise to provide them with better food. He raped an unwilling Mother Earth to fertilize her and give birth to rice, and she became known as Sanghyang Ibu Pretiwi, the Smitten Grandmother. Then Wisnu made war on Indra, Lord of the Heavens, to induce him to teach men how to grow rice. Thus, as the principal source of life and wealth and as a gift from the gods, rice was born from the cosmic union of the divine male and female creative forces represented in earth and water.

Besides white rice (*bras*), there are red (*gaga*) and black (*indjin*) varieties. These the Balinese conveniently co-ordinated with their symbolic notion of the relation between colour and direction by the explanation that the seeds were provided by Sanghyang Kesuhum Kidul (Brahma), the patron of the South, who sent four doves with seeds of the four cardinal colours: white, red, yellow, and black. Since there was no yellow rice, the seed of that colour became tumeric (*kunyit*), an important condiment.

Poor people, or those living in districts where water is not abundant, live on corn and sweet potatoes, foods considered in-

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ferior to rice, and taken to be transformed male and female attendants of Dewi Sri, wife of Wisnu, goddess of agriculture, fertility, and success. To the Balinese Dewi Sri represents all that is good and beautiful and she is their most popular deity. She has been placed, perhaps with the advent of Hinduism, above Dewi Melanting, the native goddess of seed and plants, who, as daughter of Dewi Sri, remains the goddess of gardens and markets. Dewi Melanting spends half the year above the earth and the other half below; or, as Dr. Goris puts it, " she has first to undergo death under the black earth before she can come to new life."

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Since man lives off rice and his body and soul are built from it, rice itself is treated with reverence and respect and the whole rice culture has developed into an elaborate cult. There are endless magic-ritual acts to make the rice grow big and strong, or so that water shall not be lacking, or to prevent the pollution of the land and the loss of seed by theft, birds, and mice. From planting-time until harvest the growth of rice is watched with as much anxiety as the life of a child. The Balinese are famed as the most efficient rice-growers in the archipelago. They raise two crops of fine rice a year with such success that they have more than sufficient for the needs of the population, often having enough left over to sell or give away. Even agricultural experts admit that modern methods could not improve the already excellent results, due perhaps to the intense striving of the Balinese for improvement, their communal, co-operative agricultural societies, and their Burbank-like system of seed selection.

The most striking element of the Balinese landscape is the ever present ricefield, the sawa, a patch of land filled with water held by dikes cut out of the red earth. Every available piece of ground to which it is humanly possible to bring water, even to mountain heights, is made use of. The receding man-made terraces, like flights of gigantic stairs, cover the hills and spread over the slopes and plains. When they are first filled with still water they are like mosaics of mirrors that reflect the clouds. Later they

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preside over the kitchen. It is called *brahma*, not the supreme lord of the Hindus, but simply meaning "fire," an animistic fire god.

The food that Balinese gourmets eat at festivals is as elaborate as any in the world and will be described later in detail, but the daily meal is extremely simple. A mound of boiled cold rice with salt and chili-pepper was sufficient, our house-boy Dog claimed, to keep body and soul together for a Balinese like himself. The daily diet of Gusti and his noble family was the same cold white rice (*nasi*, a synonym for food in general), helped, however, by a side dish of vegetables chopped together with a dozen or so of spices, aromatics, grated coconut and the hottest chili-pepper in the world.

Gusti's wives did the cooking; Siloh Biang prepared the rice while Sagung scraped coconut in a *kikian*, a board bristling with little iron points, chopped the ingredients for the sauce, or fried them in coconut oil in an iron pan (*pengorengan*). Some eat their daily rice simply boiled in a clay pot, but in our household they preferred it steamed; they washed the grain repeatedly until the waters lost their milky colour and came out transparent, boiled it for a while, and when it was half done put it into a funnel-shaped basket (*kukusan*) covered with a heavy clay lid (*kekeb*) and steamed the whole over a special pot (*dangdang*) of boiling water. From time to time some of the boiling water was poured over the rice with a ladle of coconut shell to prevent it from drying up and sticking together. The result was a deliciously dry, separate rice that served as a medium for the peppery sauces. The food was prepared with cleanliness, everything carefully washed first, and the food covered until eaten with squares of banana leaf.

As soon as the rice was done, they prepared a tray of offerings (*ngedjot*) for the spirits that haunt the house: little squares of banana leaf, each with a few grains of rice, a flower, salt, and a dash of chili-pepper. No one could eat before the little portions were distributed in front of each of the house units: at the en-

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thing. They were continually eating at odd hours, buying strange-looking foods at public eating-booths, in the market, at the crossroads, and particularly at festivals when the food-vendors did a rushing business in chopped mixtures, peanuts, and bright pink drinks. Every day a young vendor came into the compound and invariably found many customers. For five cents she served a large piece of delicious roast chicken with a strong sauce, accompanied by a package of rice that sold for an extra penny. Even small children, accustomed to look out for themselves, bought their snacks from the street vendors, waiting silently for their orders to be mashed and wrapped in neat little packages of banana leaf, paying for them with the *kepengs* they kept tied in their sashes.

Balinese food is difficult for the palate of a Westerner. Besides being served cold always, food is considered uneatable unless it is violently flavoured with a crushed variety of pungent spices, aromatic roots and leaves, nuts, onions, garlic, fermented fish paste, lemon juice, grated coconut, and burning red peppers. It was so hot that it made even me, a Mexican raised on chili-peppers, cry and break out in beads of perspiration. But after the first shocks, and when we became accustomed to Balinese flavours, we developed into Balinese gourmets and soon started trying out strange new combinations. Siloh Biang understood our appreciation of their delicacies and often brought Rose new dishes to taste. Babies are fed the peppery food as soon as they are weaned and will not touch food without spices and peppers. Most Europeans, used to beef and boiled potatoes, simply cannot eat Balinese food, but on the other hand no Balinese of the average class can be induced even to touch European food, which is *nyam-nyam* to them – that is, "flat and tasteless."

A Brahmanic priest we occasionally visited told us that under no circumstances may Balinese eat the following: "human flesh, tigers, monkeys, dogs, crocodiles, mice, snakes, frogs, certain poisonous fish, leeches, stinging insects, crows, eagles, owls, and in general all birds with moustaches"! We assured him nobody

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ate such things, but he remarked that it was well to keep it in mind anyway. Being of the highest caste and a priest besides, he could not touch the flesh of cows, bulls, and pork, eat in the streets or in the market, drink alcohol, or even taste the food from offerings from which the essence had been consumed by the gods. Members of the high nobility – Brahmanas and Satrias – are forbidden to eat beef, but many of the lesser Gustis do not mind eating it.

Outside of these prohibitions the common people eat everything that walks, swims, flies, or crawls. Chicken, duck, pork, and more rarely beef and buffalo are the meats most commonly eaten, but the people are also fond of stranger foods such as dragon-flies, crickets, flying ants, and the larvæ of bees. Dragon-flies were caught in a most amusing manner; boys and girls wandered among the ricefields waving long poles, the ends of which were smeared with a sticky sap. The supposedly "rank-conscious" dragon-flies must always stand in the highest branches and all the boy had to do was to hold the stick above the place where a fly stood; it flew onto the sticky end of the pole and was caught in the trap. Great numbers were obtained in this curious manner, their wings taken off, and the bodies fried crisp in coconut oil with spices and vegetables. Great delicacies are also the scaled ant-eater (*klesih*), the flying fox (a great fruit bat), porcupines (*landak*), large lizards (*alú*), wild boar, squids, rice birds, from the *glatek* to the minute *petingan*, which was eaten bones and all, and all sorts of crayfish. In every food-stand we saw small fried eels from the ricefields, looking suspiciously like shrivelled baby snakes. Although dogs are included in the list of what not to eat, they are eaten in some of the remote villages in Klungkung and Gianyar, but the rest of the Balinese will have nothing to do with people of such disgusting habits.

With meat eaten only occasionally, the diet of the Balinese consists, besides rice, corn, and sweet potato, of vegetables and fruits, of which they have a great variety. Besides eggplant, papaya, coconut, bananas, pineapples, mangoes, oranges, mel-

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ons, peanuts, and so forth, there are others unknown among us, such as the delicious breadfruit (*timbul*), jackfruit (*nangka*), acacia leaves (*twi*), greens (*kangkung*), edible ferns (*pakú*), and extraordinary fruits such as *salak*, a pear-shaped fruit that grows on a palm, tastes like pineapple, and is covered by the most perfect imitation snakeskin; the delicate *djambú*, fragrant *waní*, the *rambutan* (a large sort of grape inside of a hairy transparent pink skin), the famous mangosteen (*manggis*) (for which a prize was offered by Queen Victoria to anyone who found the way to bring the fruit in good condition to England), and the stinking durien (*duren* in Bali). A good deal has been written both in favour of and against this spiky sort of custard apple, whose putrid smell has been compared with every decaying or evil-smelling thing from goats to rancid butter. The meat of the durien is a creamy custard, the undefinable flavour and texture of which develops into a passion among those used to eating it. Most Europeans, however, object to its offensive smell to such a degree that they forbid their servants to bring durien within a distance of their house. The fruits are eaten raw and the vegetables are boiled or fried after being washed carefully in a special bowl. The Balinese peel vegetables away and not towards themselves, as is done in the West. Although the Balinese are not fond of sweets, they make a delicious dessert of coconut cream with cinnamon, bananas, or breadfruit steamed in packages of banana leaf.

We have seen that the women are reduced to the routine of cooking the everyday meal, but when it comes to preparing banquet food, it is the men, as is universally the case, who are the great chefs and who alone can prepare the festival dishes of roast suckling pig (*bé guling*) and sea-turtle (*penyú*), the cooking of which requires the art of famous specialists. Few *bandjars* enjoyed as great a reputation for fine cooking as Belaluan; there the great banquet dishes were prepared most often because the *bandjar* was prosperous, and there lived famous cooks who were always in great demand to officiate at feasts. People spoke with

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252 anticipation when Pan Regog or Madé directed the preparation of epicurean dishes such as "turtle in four ways" or the delicious *saté lembat*.

On the road coming from the seaport of Benua we often met men from Belaluan staggering under the weight of a giant turtle flapping its paddles helplessly in space, and then we knew they were preparing for a feast. For days before the banquet of the *bandjar* four or five stupefied turtles crawled under the platforms of the *balé bandjar* awaiting the fateful moment when, in the middle of the night, the *kulkul* would sound to call the men to the gruesome task of sacrificing them. A sea-turtle possesses a strange reluctance to die and for many hours after the shell is removed and the flaps and head are severed from the body, the viscera continue to pulsate hysterically, the bloody members twitch weirdly on the ground, and the head snaps furiously. The blood of the turtle is carefully collected and thinned with lime juice to prevent coagulation. By dawn the many cooks and assistants are chopping the skin and meat with heavy chopping axes (*blakas*) on sections of tree-trunks (*talanan*), are grating coconuts, fanning fires, boiling or steaming great quantities of rice, or mashing spices in clay dishes (*tjobek*) with wooden pestles (*pengulakan*).

The indicated manners of preparing the turtle are the aforementioned four styles:

lawar: skin and flesh chopped fine and mixed with spices and raw blood;
getjok: chopped meat with grated coconut and spices;
urab gadang: same as above, but cooked in tamarind leaves (*asam*);
kiman: chopped meat and grated coconut cooked in coconut cream.

262 252 Coconut (*nyuh*) is an essential element for fine Balinese cooking. Grated coconut meat is mixed with everything, frying is done exclusively in coconut oil, coconut water is the standard

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drink to refresh one's guests, and a good deal of the food is cooked in rich coconut cream, *santén*, made by squeezing the grated coconut over and over into a little water until a heavy milk is obtained. Food containing coconut does not keep and must be eaten the same day.

Santén enters also into the composition of the other delicacy essential to banquets, the *saté lembat* or *leklat*. This is a delicious paste of turtle meat and spices, kneaded in coconut cream, with which the end of a thick bamboo stick is covered and which is then roasted over charcoals. The *saté lembat* is presented with an equal number of ordinary *saté*, little pieces of meat the size of dice strung on bamboo sticks "*en brochette*" and roasted over the coals, eaten dry or with a sauce. Rose was always poking around where cooking was going on, and to her I owe the following recipe for preparing the *saté lembat* given to her by the Belaluan cooks, who warned her, however, that it was a most difficult dish to prepare:

Take a piece of ripe coconut with the hard brown skin between the shell and the meat and roast it over the coals. The toasted skin is then peeled off and ground in a mortar. Next prepare the sauce: red pepper, garlic, and red onions browned in a frying-pan and then mixed with black pepper, ginger, tumeric, nutmeg, cloves, *srá* (pungent fermented fish paste), *isén* and *tjekóh* (aromatic roots resembling ginger), *ketumbah*, *ginten*, and so forth, adding a little salt, all mashed together with the toasted coconut skin, and fry the mixture until half done. Take red turtle meat without fat, chop very fine, and add to the sauce in a bowl, two and a half times as much meat as sauce. Add one whole grated coconut and mix well with enough *santén* to obtain a consistency that will adhere to the sticks, not too dry or too wet. Knead for an hour and a half as if making bread. Meantime sticks of bamboo of about ten inches long by a half-inch thick should be made ready and rounded at one end. Take a ball of the paste in the fingers and cover the end of the stick with it, beginning at the top and working down gradually, turning it all the time to

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Maospahit, as the corruption has it. Balinese trace their ancestry to Madjaphit as Americans do to the Pilgrim Fathers. Thousands of temples have shrines named Madjapahit, usually ornamented with the carved head of a deer. Perhaps 90 per cent of the Balinese who give offerings at these temples do not know what the name stands for in historical fact.

14th century to 1906. This was a period of little interchange between Java, a Mohammedanized country, and Bali, which remained Hinduistic. Some trade relations were maintained, chiefly through the intermediacy of the Chinese. All currency in Bali was Chinese cash. Bali, a rich rice producing country, traded its surplus rice to the Chinese for gold, which was in turn beaten up to make golden flowers for the headdresses of children and gold leaf ornamentation for orchestral instruments and ceremonial objects. The "culture system" by which the colonials attempted to modify the agricultural output of Java was not introduced in Bali. With the exception of a small Dutch garrison maintained in the north of the island, Bali was free of European influence, virtually unsubjugated.

1906 *to* 1908. The Dutch, making an incident of the looting of a Chinese vessel which was wrecked on the south shore, landed troops in order to bring the island under control. It was at this time that the famous encounter took place, in which a number of the nobility and their followers marched out in the face of Dutch guns and committed mass suicide, turning their sacred krisses upon themselves. Of the seven ruling kings in Bali, two who resisted were deposed, but close relatives of theirs were installed as regents, so that the continuity of the hereditary ruling line in the several kingdoms was not broken. *Radjas* who capitulated retained their rank, also with the status of regents. Indirect rule was set up, the Dutch official rule linking the island with the administrative center at Batavia, Java.

1908 *to* 1942. Though Bali was now a part of the Netherlands Indies' *Binnenland Bestuur* (Interior Administration), the feeling between Java and Bali continued rather distant. Balinese tended even towards the end of this period, in the 1930's, to look upon Javanese with suspicion. Probably the greatest chasm between these neighboring peoples was the difference in food habits laid down in the differing religions. The Javanese did not eat pig, a favorite Balinese food and one of the chief export products. Dutch ships carrying Balinese pigs

[1] Belo, 1936, p. 12.

4:Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1949 OF7 Bali OF7

the Balinese mother smiles upon her son when she has taught him to say and feel "*Sing buni*," when she has taught him fear.

That this tie up between the mother and fear exists in Bali there can be no doubt. But that the Rangda should be construed as Mother Figure representative of the total feeling toward the mother, and that this substitution should be carried over into adulthood until the young man looks forward to marrying a girl who will turn into a witch, "marry a woman whose attitude toward human relations will be exactly that of his own mother,"[33] is a point of view with which this writer does not agree. Rangda serves only as a representation of the fear aspect of the Mother Figure. There is a split in the feeling toward the mother, the destructive, witchlike, devouring, and deathly side of her represented in the Rangda, which Mead and Bateson have stressed, and the loving, beautiful, food-giving aspect of the living woman.

Balinese women are famous the world over for their beauty, their grace, and their graciousness as people, and of this quality the women themselves do not seem unaware. The men, equally handsome and graceful, are appreciative of the gracious quality of the female and remark upon a pretty face, a beautiful breast, with connoisseurship such as they apply to the arts. Women who bear children are highly valued, and the importance of having issue is in this culture equal for the male and the female. Women cook the daily rice, which is holy. The making of the little rice goddess, Dewi Sri, at each harvest time from the first cut sheaf is apparently an Old Indonesian rite, representative of both the food giving and fertility aspects of the female. At New Year's time, before each house is hung a *lamak*, a palm leaf panel with cut out designs in highly stylized Old Indonesian patterns. On each panel, executed in a distinctive manner in each village, is a stylized tree, probably a male symbol, and a *tjili*, a lovely slender lady with triangular body and a circular headdress. This *tjili* figure has been identified with Dewi Sri, with the *dedari* (*widadari*, Sanskrit *vidya-dhari*), heavenly nymphs, in whose name the little girl trance dancers (*sang hyang dedari*) are invoked. A myriad of different forms among the offerings and the receptacles for the soul in post-mortuary ceremonies recall this graceful, somewhat infantile female figure. It seems that we are dealing here with a prototype of the feminine spirit figure from Old Indonesian times, brought down to us more or less intact in the *tjili* patterns and carried over, with necessary modifications, into the Hinduistic death ritual where needed. Covarrubias[34]

[33] Bateson and Mead, 1942, p. 36.
[34] Covarrubias, 1937, pp. 172-75, 177, 179 and 181.

5: Belo E-5 (1931-1934)1935 OF7 Bali OF7

On the twelfth day after the birth of the twins the ceremony *nyambutin* was celebrated in the *kubu*. After *nyambutin* in Sukawanâ the usual child and his parents are sufficiently purified to be allowed to enter the temples. Although for the family of I Lèwèr there still remained thirty days of exile, during which they might not even enter the village, much less the temples, still these small offerings had to be made according to custom.

During the last days the men of the village were busy at the *kubu* cutting trees into blocks for the chopping of the meat offerings, weaving rough trays of split bamboo, preparing skewers and sharpening knives for the feast. It is a part of the custom that the villagers must not only contribute to the offerings but lend their indispensable aid in the making of them, for it is an array such as no single family could prepare alone. In return they are treated to a feast at the expense of the father of the twins. In the houses of I Lèwèr's erstwhile neighbors the materials were collected. Each man sent his share, according to his means. If a rich man should send a poor contribution, he would be too ashamed! The women cooked the rice and formed it into little cones, and into cakes of varied shapes and colors, and of sugar and riceflour they made still other dainties for the gods and for the demons. They wove plates of palm-leaf, and decorative fanshaped, circular, and trailing *sampéans* as top-pieces for the offerings, all of the young yellow leaf cut with a knife in strong simple design. The part of the men is the killing and preparation of the animal offerings. On the day before the ceremony they killed the water-buffalo, skinned it, and cut and cooked the meat in various ways. The next morning the calf, pig, goat, goose, ducks, chickens, and the three-colored dog ('red', black and white) were killed and made ready. At eleven o'clock in the morning I Lèwèr's neighbors were still busy finishing the last dozens of palm-leaf decorations necessary for the offerings. When all was done the splendid array was laid out upon the bare ground where I Lèwèr's house had stood, and they were enough to completely

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these knives out of their hands throughout the day of the ceremony.

A fire was burning on the hearth in the parents' room. At the Balian's direction the mother took a handful of dried corn from an offering-plate and cast it into a new clay pot which rested over the flames. She stirred the corn about until it was brown. Then father and mother had to reach three times into the pot and eat a grain of corn. After the third time the father raised the pot and smashed it on the stones of the hearth.

Someone handed the father a torch of dry grass which he lit at the fire. He came out, bearing his false twin, his knife, and his torch, to set fire to his house. The mother followed with her child. The Balian repeated a short prayer, and then performed a final rite. In one of the offerings stood two cones of rice tied together at the top with a bit of thread, a *kèpèng* strung on to each. The top of each cone he pinched off, then he broke the joining thread. He rose, came out of the house, shut and bolted the door on the outside. None of the evil which was in that house must escape.

The villagers bearing torches lit from the father's fire set the house burning. In ten minutes the flames were leaping high, threatening the nearby forest. The Balian, the mother and the father, with a group of villagers and friends, stood on the hillside watching until the house crumbled to ashes.

It may be translated:

Mother, whoever you are, when you go to bathe, bind tightly your breasts, take care to bring with you mĕsui bark (cortex sp.), and a dull knife with an onion as charm.

Many wicked people threaten on the highway, evil spirits in the form of flying foxes, which suck at hanging breasts, taking their place at the breasts, so that no milk comes out.

Take into account that trouble brings death, even though the belly is filled, the baby is the cause of the trouble, and if bereaved, who will there be to envy?

The trouble is that the child was born as a girl, her mother loves her, her father would wish her dead, but while she lives, her mother will take care of her.

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*845 852 783 Before the parents with the twins might reenter the precincts of the village, their house must be burned three times. So they told us. We followed the group of villagers up a steep trail, not the direct route to the village, to a place where it joined the trail leading to the graveyard. A man carried a torch freshly lit with the same fire which had burned the big *kubu*. They had kept this fire alive by lighting a new torch as the last burned down. In the center of the trail stood a small *kubu*, four posts set up and covered by a roof of grass-thatch not more than a meter square. Under this roof was an improvised *paon* (hearth) and a clay pot such as was used before. The fire was lit in this *paon* from the torch bearing the old fire.

[782] The Balian sat beside the little *kubu* and set out again the offerings *karangan manchă limă* in the five directions. The father and the mother knelt beside their hearth. The Balian again dedicated the offerings, and the ceremony *nyah-nyah jagung* (to fry corn) was repeated exactly as described above. When the pot was broken, the father lit a torch at the fire on the hearth and ignited the roof of dry grass. It flared up like a match and was gone.

The people rose and made their way towards the village. Someone carried the torch which the father had used. When they came to the place just outside the wall of the outermost house-court, another small *kubu* stood waiting. With another set of the same offerings, again the [262] mother and father cooked their corn and ate three times from the pot. When this *kubu* was burned the torches could be cast into the flames. Three times I Lèwèr had taken fire from his kitchen and burned down his unclean house.

The Balian explained: three times the parents of the twins have just come to a new house, they have cooked and eaten there, and then set fire to it — this is to show, he said, that they are miserably poor, they have nothing (no house, no possessions), so that the people of the village will take pity on them. Someone in the village will have

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to give them shelter in his house, since they have no longer any house of their own [1]. 845* 852 783

I Lèwèr and Ni Jungir, after forty-two days of exile, were now free to enter the village. They walked slowly and with dignity down the street where their old house had stood, each carrying a "twin" and each firmly grasping a knife with an onion impaled. There was no greeting from the villagers, nor any sign of joy or sadness on the faces of the parents. Before they reached the site of their house, twenty yards away down the street, mats were spread for them. There they must sit and wait in the street for perhaps three hours, while the ceremony *malik sumpah* would take place -- the ceremony of turning off the curse which was upon them, but in which for the time they had no part. 845* 783

Immediately opposite the entrance to the house-court the feast for the villagers was going on. Many men sat cross-legged on the *balé's*, enjoying their portion of rice and succulent morsels of meat. In the roadway pits had been dug for roasting, and ducks, chickens, pigs and sausages were being given a final turn on the spit. The villagers who had witnessed the ceremonies outside the village now had their share of the feast. 845* [262] [527]

The Sĕngguhu priest now took his place on a mat spread amongst the offerings on the site of the old house. Before 845* 793 778

[1]) The Balian did not give the obvious explanation that the parents had to burn their house three times lest they might bring a curse upon the house in which they would live. If there were any chance of disaster accompanying them no villager would receive them into his house. A lontar from Tonjă states that if anything is lacking in the ceremony twins may be born three times in succession. I did not find anywhere else in Bali the custom of burning two small *kubu's* after the real one. But in general the case does not come up that the parents must be given hospitality in another house, for the village plan of Sukawanä differs from the usual village made up of individual family courtyards. The usual Balinese house consists of several separate buildings, and only the *balé pĕgat* or the *mĕtèn* where the children are born must be torn down and burned ... sometimes not even that. So that the parents on their return still have other buildings to inhabit in their own housecourt, and are not obliged to seek hospitality elsewhere. [184] [849] [342]

Madura OE6
Bali OF7
Nias OD11
Batak OD5
Flores OF9

I 262 Bl Md [231] [391 cont.]

The animal food in the diet consists more of fish than of meat; this, too, is shown by the great importance of fishing and fish nurseries, while cattle raising is found only in a few places, such as Madura and Bali (and then chiefly for the European market). In addition, pork is a prohibited food for by far the greater part of the population as Mohammedans. This meat, however, is particularly favored among non-Mohammedan peoples, such as the Niassans, the heathen and Christian Batak, and the Balinese. The meat of pigs, buffaloes, and chickens is consumed mainly on festive occasions when these animals serve as offerings to the spirits, who, however, consume only the essence, the ethereal part of the food, and the material part remains for the celebrants. In general, the Indonesian is a very temperate, often frugal eater, but these feasts, especially the feasts for the dead, often degenerate into veritable orgies.

N Bt Bl [262] I [782]

Bt F [262]

It should also be mentioned that in a few areas the inhabitants are very fond of dog flesh, for example, in a few parts of the Batak lands and on Flores, among others.

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Luxuries. Among these the above-mentioned palm wine can be reckoned; it is far surpassed in importance [392] and general distribution by betel. The betel quid consists of a couple of leaves from the betel bush (Piper betle L.), which are brushed with a bit of fine shell-lime and then a piece of areca-nut and a piece of gambier are rolled up in the leaves. (Gambier is boiled out of the leaves of Uncaria acida Roxb., a climbing shrub; there are many gambier distilleries in the Riau Archipelago.) The quid is chewed for about a quarter of an hour, after which a quid of tobacco is put between the teeth and the lips. The chewing of betel produces an abundance of red-colored saliva; when princes go on a journey, a large golden cuspidor is carried along by a servant or serving-girl. The natives ascribe very favorable results to betel-chewing: relief from feeling hunger, a fresh taste in the mouth, clean breath, etc. In any case, it does not appear to have any harmful effects. Betel-chewing is common throughout the whole of the archipelago among both men and women. To offer a guest betel is considered

I [258]